THE 19'ERS: ALL NEW CATACHAN ACTION INSIDE!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

RIOT GRRRL!!

— Yolanda lays down the law

#62

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The hour of the Warping is at hand. Next issue is our giant-sized Warhammer Warped Visions extravaganza featuring a whole host of your favourite Warhammer Monthly characters in situations and settings you never, ever thought you'd see them in.

Malus Darkblade is a murderous dark elf and newly ascended ruler of Hag Graef, right? But what if he wasn't a he and rode the airways of the grim and gothic far-future on the back of a Reaver jetbike named Spite? Ephrael Stern is a pious sister of battle and living weapon against Chaos isn't she? But just imagine if by some careless whim of The Warp she was a warrior of Sigmar bound to do His holy work in the comet-razed city of Mordheim. All this and more comes to pass in the next issue of the galaxy's greatest monthly. And if that's not enough for you then there's our second annual 'Win a Year of Mayhem' competition, a highly enlightening feature about how an issue of this very comic is (somehow) put together and to top all that, each copy will come with a free foil Warhammer 40,000 CCG card courtesy of the mighty Sabertooth Games.

CHRISTIAN DUNN

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THE TOMB ROBBER'S TALE

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Warped Visions...

Ephrael Stern: Sister of Sigmar

Ulli & Marquand: The Expendables

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SCABBS HAD BAD DAYS BEFORE LIKE THE DAY HE ALMOST GOT BURNED ALIVE BY THE REDEMPTION CRUSADE
AND THE DAY KAL ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED HIM INTO A HIVE SPIDER NEST OR THE TIME KAL ENTERED HIM INTO A PIT FIGHT CONTEST TO WIN A 300 CRED BET THOSE WERE BAD DAYS TOO
BUT THIS, VIOLATING THE SANCTUARY OF A SACRED RATSKIN BURIAL GROUND AND BEING ATTACKED BY PACKS OF HUNGRY RATSKIN ZOMBIES WELL, THIS IS A VERY, VERY BAD DAY INDEED
UP! FOR SCAV'S SAKE, PULL ME UP!

SCABBS AND YOLANDA

Script: Gordon Rennie • Art: Richard Elson • Letters: Fiona Stephenson

RELAX, AND DON'T BE SUCH A CRY-BABY.
DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA
DAKKA DAKKA
THEY'RE ONLY ZOMBIES. WHEN I WAS A KID, I LEARNED TO SHOOT ON FAMILY PLAGUE ZOMBIE-HUNTING EXPEDITIONS.
"PLAGUE ZOMBIES?" DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH...
THESE THINGS DON'T OBLIGINGLY SHUFFLE SLOWLY TOWARDS YOU UNTIL YOU CAN BE BOTHERED ENOUGH TO PUT A BULLET INTO THEM.
THIS IS RATSKIN BAD JUJU HIVE MAGIC, AND THAT MEANS WE'RE IN TROUBLE.

A LOT OF TROUBLE
EASE UP, RUBBLE-SCUM. NO NEED TO GO BUGGO ON ME
SHOOOF
I'VE BEEN PAYING ATTENTION, AND I REMEMBER ANOTHER ONE OF JERICO'S DUMB BOUNTY HUNTER RULES YOU TOLD ME ABOUT
TINK!
NEVER GET INTO A SITUATION YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY GOT AN ESCAPE PLAN FOR.
SEE? TOLD YOU THERE WAS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT
KOOOM

SKITCH
OUR BOUNTY!
QUICK, GRAB HOLD OF THIS HANDLE GRIP AND DON'T LET GO
WHY? WHERE ARE YOU-
GOING?
HANDS OFF THE MERCHANDISE, HANDSOME
YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT, TRY CHEWING ON THIS.
SSSSSNKCH
SHINK
RRRIPPP!
NO NEED TO BE SHY, BOYS, GOT PLENTY HERE FOR ALL OF YOU!
SPLATCH
KKKRRRT
RRRUNCH
SMATCH
YOU WANT SOME TOO? NO PROBLEM, JUST STEP RIGHT UP
KWUDT
KUNCH
SPLAKK

FOUR HUNDRED CREDS, RIGHT?
DON'T KNOW HOW JERICO DID THINGS, BUT *NOTHING* COMES BETWEEN ME AND A BOUNTY

POSTSCIPT:
SCABBS AND YOLANDA COLLECTED ON THEIR FIRST BOUNTY TOGETHER, AND IN TIME, EVEN THE RATSKINS GOT SOMETHING OUT OF IT THAN JUST ANOTHER DESECRATED BURIAL GROUND..
..CAMP-FIRE TALES ABOUT A NEW AND TERRIBLE HIVE DAEMON, A TERRIFYING ANGEL OF DEATH TRAPPED IN HUMAN FORM...
THE END

THE WARHAMMER

Script: Dan Abnett • Art: Paul Jeacock
Letters: Fiona Stephenson

PART TWO

AT THEM! AT THEM! SONS OF THE EMPIRE BREAK THEIR LINE!
THERE IS *THUNDER* BUT IT IS THE THUNDER OF STORMING *HOOVES*. THE SKY WEEPS. THE SOIL SHUDDERS.
JODL THE *FEARLESS* FEELS NOTHING EXCEPT THE WARHAMMERS HUNGER.
IT'S A HUNGER FOR GLORY. A THIRST FOR VICTORY.
AN INSATIABLE DESIRE TO BE THE WEAPON OF A *CHAMPION*.

BREAK THEIR LINE!
AND BREAK THEIR THRICE-DAMNED BACKS!
GENERAL? THE LEFT FLANK HAS CHARGED, SIR.
WHAT? SIGMAR'S TEETH! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!
WHAT IS THAT FOOL JOOL DOING? I TOLD HIM TO HOLD!
WHAT DO WE DO, SIR?
WE'VE NO BLOODY CHOICE, MAN! THAT SLAPPY-MOUND HAS FORCED OUR HAND! IF WE LEAVE HIM TO IT, IT'LL BREAK OUR RANK FORMATION WIDE OPEN!
SOUND THE ADVANCE! ENGAGE!

WELL?
THE ENEMY HAS WITHDRAWN NORTH OF THE RIVER, BUT THEY'RE HARDLY BROKEN. WE'VE LOST PERHAPS FOUR SCORE MEN.
DAMN IT ALL!
THE CAMPAIGN SEASON'S NEARLY OVER. ANOTHER WEEK AND THE WEATHER WILL DRIVE US BACK FOR THE WINTER.
THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN END TO IT TODAY! A ROUT! A SLAUGHTER! WE PREPARED SO CAREFULLY..
..AND NOW THE FOE SLIPS AWAY ALL BUT INTACT, WITH A WHOLE WINTER TO REPAIR HIS STRENGTH.
COME THE SPRING, HE'LL BE BACK, RAIDING WORSE THAN EVER!
DAMN GERD JOOL! DAMN HIM TO HELL!
BUT... HE'S THE BEST WE HAVE SIR!
YES HE IS! TEN SUMMERS GONE, HE WON THE FIELD AT OSTLITZ AND I THANKED SIGMAR FOR HIM!
OH, HE'S BRAVE! BRAVEST MAN I EVER SAW! BUT HE KNOWS NO PRUDENCE! NO STRATAGEMS!
IF HE SO MUCH AS SMELLS A FIGHT, HE'S IN IT! BOUND THE GLORY AND DAMN THE CONSEQUENCES!
YOU KNOW WHAT HE IS, THAT JOOL THE PEARLESS?
A LIABILITY.

MALBURG ON THE TALABEC SIX WEEKS LATER...
HE'S HERE
VERY WELL. I TRUST YOU'VE MADE HIM COMFORTABLE AND QUARTERED HIS TROOPS?
YES, MILORD. IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT DO THEY SAY?
THAT HE'S OUT OF FAVOUR DISGRACED. THAT HE'S ONLY BEEN SENT TO US BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO WITH
THAT'S JUST TATTLE WE ASKED FOR HELP. THEY'VE SENT THE BEST MALBURG DESERVES THAT. DOESN'T IT?
WE ASKED FOR A CHAMPION, REMEMBER? NOT A GLORIFIED RAT-CATCHER.
HOW DO I LOOK?
NEKKR JODL! IT IS A PRIVILEGE AND A PLEASURE! ALL MALBURG WELCOMES YOU! WE ARE HONOURED THAT YOU DIGNIFY US WITH YOUR AID

THE HONOURS, MINE, LORD THE FIGHTING SEASONS OVER FOR THE YEAR, AND GENERAL WISCH SUGGESTED I MIGHT BE OF USE HERE
SPLENDID. AND HOW WENT THE SEASON?
WHY? WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?
NOTHING, HERR JOOL! I WAS SIMPLY ASKING
IT WENT WELL ENOUGH, BUT IT LACKED...
...GLORY. THERE IS PRECIOUS LITTLE FAME IN MENS BLOOD THESE DAYS.
THEY EXPECT VICTORY, BUT THEY NEVER TAKE THE RISKS THAT WILL SECURE IT
THEY, HERR JOOL?
I WAS JUST THINKING ALOUD, LORD.
NOW AS TO YOUR PROBLEM... THE VERMIN... REST ASSURED...
THEY'LL BE CRUSHED WITHIN A WEEK.

...KNEE DEEP IN ORDURE! THAT'S OUR REWARD!
TRAIPSING ABOUT IN THE SEWERS, HUNTING FOR RATS..
RAT-KIN
WHATEVER! THIS IS WHAT WE GET FOR BEING OLD FEARLESS'S TROOP! KNEE DEEP IN SEWAGE!
THIS IS AN HONOUR!
DID HE TELL YOU THAT? DID HE?
TELL ME. DOES THIS SMELL LIKE AN HONOUR TO YOU?
EVERY OTHER BLOODY SOLDIER IN THE EMPIRE GETS TO BILLET OUT THE WINTER, FEAST LIKE A PIG AND DRINK LIKE ASH
BUT NOT US, OH NO! BECAUSE WE'RE JOOL THE FEARLESS'S MEN, AND JOOL THE FEARLESS WANTS TO KEEP GOING, WANTS TO KEEP WINNING, WANTS TO SNUFF OUT ANOTHER FIGHT
TELL YOU WHAT, BOYS, HE'S SNIFFED OUT SOMETHING. AND I WANT A TASTE/SAMPLE TO ANOTHER BRIGADE.
SHUT UP. HE'S COMING.
ANYTHING?
NOT A SIGN, SIR. NO TRACE OF A LAIR.

SHOULD WE CALL IT A DAY, SIR?
NO! THEY'RE JUST *HIDING* FROM US. THERE'S A *VICTORY* TO BE HAD DOWN HERE, THE HAMMER FROM!
THE HAMMER *WHAT*, SIR?
NOTHING I MEANT TO SAY I CAN FEEL VICTORY, *WAITING* FOR US. YOU *WANT* VICTORY, DON'T YOU?
OH, YES, SIR.
THEN *COME ON!*
ACTUALLY, I *SHOULD* HAVE SAID 'WHAT I WANT IS A WARM BED, A FLAGON OF ALE AND A LUSTY GIRL WITH NO SENSE OF SMELL!'
FUNNY HOW YOU ALWAYS THINK OF THE *REALLY WITTY* ANSWERS WHEN IT'S TOO LATE, EH?
HINZ? WHERE'D YOU GO? HINZ?
OH SIGMAR'S BONES...

SKAVEN! SKAVEN!
THEY'RE BLOODY EVERYW- GGLLRKK!
BLADES OUT! WE'RE AMBUSHED!
THEY COME LIKE A TIDE: GNASHING TEETH, SCRABBLING CLAWS, SHRILL CRIES
THEY COME FROM EVERYWHERE

AGHHH!
NO!
NOOOOO!
THEY'RE ALL OVER HIM.
JODL THE FEARLESS FEELS FEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME
BECAUSE AT LAST HE TRULY UNDERSTANDS THE WARHAMMER'S HUNGER.

IT'S SO SIMPLE, SO *PURE*
IT'S A HUNGER FOR GLORY A THIRST FOR VICTORY
AN INSATIABLE DESIRE TO BE THE WEAPON OF A *CHAMPION*
ANY CHAMPION
END

THE 19ERS
PART ONE
SCRIPT: JAMES PEATY
ART: DAVID NIMLGATE
I'VE VISUALISED THIS SCENARIO COUNTLESS TIMES
THE 19ER'S LAST STAND
BUT NEVER LIKE THIS.
KLIK!
KLIK!
KLIK!
MOOM AND KEB HAVE FOUGHT WITH DISTINCTION
A TRUE CREDIT TO THE NAME
IF ONLY I COULD HAVE BEEN

THE PLANET MAYPAX, TWO WEEKS EARLIER...
CAPTAIN OBDANT!
WHAT IS IT, HILT?
SURVIVOR, SIR.
SEEMS SOME OF THESE EXPLORATORS ARE TOUGH AFTER A-
QUIET.
...THE TEMPLE... YOU MUST... IT CONTAINS...
...ARTEFACT...
SOUNDS LIKE THIS TEMPLE MIGHT MAKE FOR AN INTERESTING 'DIVERSION' FROM ALL THIS POINTLESS SLAUGHTER.
AFTER ALL IF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS ARE LOOKING FOR THIS ARTEFACT THEN IT MAY BE WORTH SOMETHING
HILT, WE MAY BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MOST POINTLESS CAMPAIGN I'VE EVER FOUGHT IN.
AND WE MAY HAVE SUSTAINED MORE CASUALITIES THAN WE FEEL IS EITHER NECCESSARY OR ACCEPTABLE ON THIS FORSAKEN PLANET.
BUT NONE OF MY MEN WILL DISHONOUR THE DEAD. UNDERSTOOD?
YES SIR.
ORGANISE THE CLEAN UP, HILT.
AND TELL MORAVCISK AND THE SPAKONA BROTHERS TO JOIN ME IN MY TENT WHEN THEY'RE FINISHED.

LATER...
HQ HAVE SAID WE'RE TO CONTINUE WITH OUR MISSION INTO THE INTERIOR
MINE SETTING AND ORC HUNTING CONTINUE TO BE THE ORDER OF THE DAY
WHY OUR SUPERIORS WISH TO KEEP ONE OF THEIR BEST PLATOONS PERFORMING MENIAL TASKS ON A PLANET OF NO STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE IS A MYSTERY
MAYPAX
BUT I'M ONLY A SOLDIER AND IT'S NOT MY PLACE TO QUESTION THEIR WISDOM.
HOWEVER, OUR ORDERS DON'T STOP US FROM TAKING A DIVERSION
A POTENTIALLY LUCRATIVE DIVERSION
SEEMS THAT THE EXPLORATOR TEAM THAT WAS AMBUSHED WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN A TEMPLE NEAR HERE
SO, I THOUGHT...
TAP
MAKE A STOP OFF AT THIS TEMPLE
COMPENSATE OURSELVES FOR THE INCONVENIENCE OF BEING STATIONED ON MAYPAX.
THAT WE CONTINUE WITHIN OUR MISSION PARA-METERS
WE'LL NEED A SENTINEL OPERATOR
TRATHLIN'S TRUSTWORTHY
MOOM CAN PROVIDE THE MUSCLE
WE NEED ANOTHER FOOT SOLDIER WHAT ABOUT KEB?
OUR YOUNGER BROTHER!? ARE YOU MAD, SLATH?
CAPTAIN, AS GOOD A PLAN AS THIS IS, ONE THING STILL BOTHERS ME ABOUT ALL THIS?
I COULDN'T HAVE PUT IT BETTER MYSELF
TRULY THE EMPEROR PROVIDES
AND THAT IS?

'JUST WHAT WERE THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS LOOKING FOR IN THE FIRST PLACE?'
ALL CONTACT WITH THE PICK UP TEAM HAS BEEN LOST SIR
IS THE BACK UP PLAN IN PLACE?
TEMPLE OF TYPHUS
YES, SIR
FOR FIVE CENTURIES THE TEMPLE AND ITS CONTENTS HAVE BEEN HIDDEN FROM THE REST OF THE GALAXY BY THE WARP STORMS THAT ENVELOPED MAYPAX
NOW THAT THE STORM HAS ABATED, WE MUST RECOVER THE FRAGMENT
IT IS THE EMPEROR'S WILL.
'EVERYTHING OTHER THAN THAT IS A DISTRACTION'
CAPTAIN!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, KEB?
IT'S TRATHLIN, SIR
MORAVCISK DO WE HAVE ENOUGH SHREDDER MINES ?
'HE'S DEAD'
WHAT'S THE VERDICT?
PROBABLY AN INSECT BITE WE ARE ON A DEATHWORLD AFTER ALL.
'BUT WHAT?'
I'VE NEVER KNOWN AN INSECT BITE TO EXACTLY RESEMBLE A NEEDLE PUNCTURE

...HAVE YOU?
WITHOUT TRATHLIN WE HAVE A PROBLEM.
I HAVE A SUGGESTION.
WHY NOT TAKE ME?
I'D HATE TO MISS OUT ON THE FRUITS OF SUCH AN EXCELLENT PLAN
IN NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES I'D BE APPREHENSIVE ABOUT THIS
YOU'VE ONLY BEEN WITH US FOR A FEW MONTHS AND WE HARDLY KNOW YOU.
BUT THESE ARE HARDLY NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES
IT'S AN HONOUR TO SERVE UNDER SUCH A VISIONARY OFFIC-
'SAVE IT, HILT...'
'WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.
NEXT DEATH OR GLORY!

IN THE JUNGLE, THE QUIET JUNGLE...

Catachan is the most notorious of all known death worlds, and humans have lived there for longer than Imperial records show. When the first pioneers awoke from their cryogenic sleep, they found themselves marooned on one of the most inhospitable and deadly planets in the galaxy. But mankind has survived there ever since, fighting a constant battle of survival against the hostile flora and fauna that flourish in its festering swamps and sweltering jungles. This is surely a testament to the toughness and adaptability that has ensured humanities' place as the dominant civilisation in the galaxy.

Like all tbe worlds of the Imperium, Catachan is expected to provide troops for the Imperium's defence. Because of the lethality of their homeworld's environment, Catachan regiments are, without question, the toughest and most effective jungle fighters that the Imperial Guard can call upon.

Jungle fighters wear the green combat gear that is everyday costume for the people of Catachan. Their clothing is perfectly suited to fast-moving warfare amidst steaming jungles. Combined with the red bandana, this rough but practical costume passes as the regiment's uniform.

Catachan strength lies in their speed and adaptability when fighting in heavy jungle terrain

When I heard the whole Fifth Army had been committed to scouring clean the Franthis death forests of the tyranid swarm I confess I had doubts about the possibility of success Then I heard our ranks were to be bolstered by an off-world regiment of some renown. Catachan Jungle Fighters I had heard much about these near-legendary troopers and was anxious to see them for myself So it was with great anticipation I met Captain Kreth and his four hundred men when they disembarked from the troopship Never before had I seen such a bunch of hard-bitten bastards and never since have I seen soldiers so at home in those terrible jungle war-zones But as Kreth said to me, to him it was just a walk in the park I knew then that our chances of success had just tripled

General Reckson – Franthis Campaign

They move silently and swiftly through thick vegetation and can meld into the background so effectively that only one of their own can spy them out.

During the jungle wars on Epsion Octarius, the Catachan regiment survived for nearly forty days amidst Crotalid infested mangrove swamps before reaching the ork gargant construction site of Grubnak's Drops. The savagery of the jungle fighters so impressed the Deathskull ork warlord that he ordered his gargants to be painted in green jungle stripes with red bandanas, in imitation of the Catachan's uniform. Whether he did this out of respect for his enemies or in the hope that some of the jungle fighters' skills would rub off on his gargant fighting machines is uncertain.

The Psychology of Jungle Warfare

One of the things that Catachan jungle fighters are particularly renowned for is their skill in laying booby traps and mines. This art of war is particularly effective in the hands of the Catachans because they understand the psychology behind it. They know that killing and maiming the enemy is only the secondary reason to use mines and traps (in fact maiming is often a better outcome, as the wounded soldier becomes an instant burden to his able-bodied comrades, who are forced to decide whether to carry or leave him behind).

The primary value in mines and traps is in disrupting and slowing enemy advances. After several encounters with booby traps most enemies are liable to become demoralised, overly cautious and spread out, leaving them more vulnerable to a well-placed ambush which is another Catachan speciality.

STORY: STU TAYLOR • ART: TIERNAN TREVALLION • LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

TALES FROM THE
TEN-TAILED CAT
THE TEN-TAILED CAT IN TALABHEIM, KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE CITY AS A GATHERING PLACE FOR RACONTEURS AND THE TELLERS OF TALL TALES
THEY COME TO THE TEN-TAILED CAT FOR MANY REASONS SOME TO BOAST OF THEIR EXPLOITS, SOME TO AMUSE AND ENTERTAIN OTHERS TO UNBURDEN THEIR SOULS OR PASS ON DIRE WARNINGS.
...WHILE OTHERS COME TO SEEK SHELTER FROM THE SUN
BY GRUNGNI'S BEARD, IT'S HOT! I WISH I WERE BACK HOME IN THE MOUNTAINS RATHER THAN IN THIS INFERNAL SWEATPIT OF A CITY.
HA! ONLY A DWARF WOULD WANT TO WISH AWAY SUCH A GLORIOUS DAY AS THIS.
The Tomb Robber's Tale
AH! IF WISHES WERE GOBLINS I'D BE UP TO MY NECK IN GREEN DUNG!
BESIDES, WHAT WOULD A WEATHER-BEATEN HAG LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT DWARVES?
MY NAME IS MISHKA LEVKOV, AND I KNOW THAT DWARFS SHOULD BE WARY OF WHAT THEY WISH FOR, MY DIMINUTIVE FRIEND.
AN ACQUAINTANCE ONCE TOLD ME ABOUT THREE ADVENTURERS - LED BY A DWARF CALLED ULIK BACKBITER - WHO CHANCED UPON AN ORNATE GOLDEN WINE BOTTLE HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN AN ANCIENT UNDERGROUND BURIAL CHAMBER.
THEY WERE LURED TO THAT FORBIDDEN PLACE BY TALES OF A DAEMON THAT COULD GRANT THEIR HEART'S DESIRE. UNDERSTANDABLY THEY FELT MORE THAN A LITTLE CHEATED WHEN ALL THEY FOUND WAS A BOTTLE!

HOWEVER, BELIEVING THAT THE ARTIFACT WOULD PROVE TO BE OF *SOME* VALUE THE TRIO FOUGHT OVER WHO DISCOVERED IT FIRST
POP!
HA! *FREE* AT LAST!
SSSSSS
SNIFF! AAAH, EVEN A *RANK* CRYPT SMELLS AS SWEET AS NECTAR AFTER BEING STUCK IN *THAT* BOTTLE FOR THE PAST CENTURY
NOW [redacted] ONE OF *YOU* OPENED THE BOTTLE... I BELIEVE I OWE YOU *THREE WISHES*, YES?
SINCE *NEITHER* ADVENTURER COULD AGREE WHOM DISCOVERED THE BOTTLE FIRST, THE DAEMON DECIDED TO GRANT THEM *ONE* WISH EACH.
"SO, THE FIRST ADVENTURER STEPPED FORWARD AND DECLARED THAT HE DESIRED THE GIFT OF *FLIGHT*"
BY THE POWER OF THE LORD OF CHANGE LET IT BE!
FZA-AK!

GRUNGNI'S BEARD!
IS THAT YOU, HEINRICH?
ZZZZZZZ!
ALTHOUGH THE ADVENTURER NOW HAD THE ABILITY TO FLY IT IS SAFE TO ASSUME THAT THIS NEW FORM WAS NOT WHAT HE EXPECTED!
ZZZZZZ!
UNDETERED, THE SECOND ADVENTURER TOOK HIS TURN..
I WANT TO LIVE FOREVER!
HORRIFIED AT THE FATE OF THEIR COMPANION, THE REMAINING ADVENTURERS CHASTISED THE DAEMON WHO REPLIED THAT THEY SHOULD SIMPLY BE MORE SPECIFIC IN THEIR WISH-MAKING
AND AGAIN THE WISH HAD AN UNEXPECTED SIDE EFFECT TO IT
FZA-AK!
BY THE POWER OF THE GREAT SORCERER, LET IT BE!
HOW DO YOU FEEL, BERTHOLD?
I FEEL

...HUNGRY!
V-V-VAMPIRE!
FORGIVE ME, OLD FRIEND.
AK!
SHUK!
WHERE OTHERS MIGHT HAVE TURNED TAIL AND FLED, ULIK WAS STILL DETERMINED TO MAKE HIS WISH...
I WISH TO BE WORTH MY OWN WEIGHT IN GOLD!
AND NO TRICKS THIS TIME, DAEMON SPAWN!
BY THE POWER OF... OH, YOU KNOW WHO!
EZ-AK!
AND ULIK INDEED BECAME HIS OWN WEIGHT IN GOLD...
HA! HA!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE THAT, EVEN AFTER A CENTURY STUCK IN A BOTTLE, MORTALS ARE JUST AS STUPID AS THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN!

AND WITH THAT, THE DAEMON AND THE BOTTLE VANISHED IN A KALEIDOSCOPE OF LIGHT NO DOUBT LOOKING FOR MORE "STUPID MORTALS" TO TORMENT
KAF! KAF! WOMAN, I'VE HEARD SOME FANCIFUL TALES IN MY LONG LIFE.. BUT WISH-GRANTING DAEMONS?
HA! RIDICULOUS!
BELIEVE WHAT YOU WANT LITTLE ONE I HAVE A BOAT TO CATCH
FLIES AND VAMPIRES.. HA!
THIS SHOULD COVER THE ALE
DWARFS TURNED INTO GOLD STATUES.. IMPOSSIBLE!
CHINK!
DO I LOOK LIKE I WAS BORN LAST CENT-
EH? WHAT IN THE OLD WORLD IS THIS?
MY MOTHER'S BEARD!
THE END

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